

THE ARISTOCRATIC LITTLE DOGS OF PARIS

Their Society Whirl—To Dress or Not to Dress—
Their Governesses, Jewellers, Dressmakers
and "Little Mothers."

Little dog receptions, dinners and garden parties on a large scale have gone out in Paris. One of the fashionable little dog couturiers and tailors explained frankly that dog fashions had become too rich and the whirl of dog society too swift and fagging. Just as you will scarcely see well dressed little dogs with earrings, so the society columns of *Gaulois* and *Figaro* scarcely record any more of those crowded "at homes" which seldom passed without a fight and often terminated in a demoralized mixup.

"Dog parties were had for the little darlings," said Mlle. Yvonne. "The soothing syrup which their governesses had to administer in advance to keep them suave was bound in the end to injure little stomachs and nervous systems. Even for the most precious toy dogs 'society' nowadays means the open air of the Bois de Boulogne and afternoon calls in a basket or the muff of little mamma."

Count de Montesquiou and Arthur Meyer may trust to their saddlers for the severe tail effects which satisfy their pets.

Little dogs hate it; and the "little mothers" are perplexed.

I refer to clothes. To dress or not to dress, that is the question. Little dogs rather not, and, ma foi, the ultra-aristocratic may wriggle back to an ideal just the antithesis of Miss Flora McFlimsey's.

Of course, they have elaters of clothes. In the cutting room of the establishment I visited the walls are covered with the patterns of the most aristocratic little dogs of Paris. Men like Count Robert



Sleeps in pink silk, wadded with eider, and eats from Sevres porcelain.

de Montesquiou and Arthur Meyer may trust to their saddlers for the severe tail effects which satisfy their pets, but great ladies like the Comtesse de Chateaubriand and Mme. Maurice Ephrussi have felt obliged to match the calling and reception costumes of their bijou black terriers and Belgian griffons with their own in tone, material and trimming.

I interviewed Mlle. Yvonne while Mlle. Emilie was taking measure for an exquisite white and yellow butterfly scarer out of puppyhood, belonging to Mme. Bail, president of the Paris Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"The well dressed little dog," said Mlle. Yvonne, "begins the day in a little morning shirt, buttoning down the back, covering the chest and stomach snugly as with a broad band, but leaving shoulders and launches free in movement. In summer it is made of tulle tissues. In autumn, winter and spring it may be of flannel or molleton; white with red or blue stripes is very smart for winter mornings. It is to go out in the morning with the man servant for a little walk in the Place des Etats Unis, Place d'Iena or the Champs Elysees. Also, when the little dog is sick he stays all day in his morning shirt, very practical, recommended by physicians."

Young and innocent as he appeared, the butterfly looked up at me with cautious slyness, and distinctly winked.

"The Princess de Broglie has had morning shirts lined with fur and made of very elegant broadcloth for her delicate Japanese," continued the dressmaker, "but

the tendency is to keep them smartly rough and ready, like a man's sack suit. A really dressy dog will use up a dozen in a winter."

"Are shoes worn with it?" I asked. "Shoes are gone out," said Mlle. Yvonne; "they only worry little dogs and break their lovely nails; at least the manieres say so."

"Manieres?" "Surely," replied she. "The manieres comes three times a week to snip, file, form, color and polish, as for persons, and the governess or valet does the rest returning from each promenade. You can imagine that the little fellow cannot soil his nails during an afternoon call."

"A governess, as for children?" I asked. "More so," answered Mlle. Yvonne. "If the little dog's governess is not required to impart English or German she must on the other hand be a canine trained nurse, strong in the first symptoms of colic, constipation, indigestion, skin affections, fleas, and little wounds. She must give the morning bath and combing, brush the teeth after the meals, keep the wardrobe in order and be ready to spring out of bed at the first yowl. She must know macramé waving and shampooing for emergencies and travelling; but really well dressed dogs have the barber come three times a week."

"Tell me about calling costumes," I said. "After lunch the well dressed dog must not be seen in his morning shirt."

The butterfly ceased scratching and set up a diminutive howl. "The calling costume, which must match the costume of the lady," continued Mlle. Yvonne with severe distinctness, "is of broadcloth, velvet or other tissue, satin edged, embroidered, outouched, with a pocket holding the lace edged handkerchief to wipe its little eyes and nose."

Mlle. Emilie came up and showed me a charming tailor coat of brown broadcloth edged with three narrow folds of the same cloth, severe, chaste but of great distinction, created for one of Mlle. Jules Eph-



In a dark gray waterproof whose chaste severity is not mistaken by the roughest street dog.

travelling, reception and sleeping blankets.

"If you hear only one bell, you hear only one sound," runs the French proverb, and "it is a tendency of man to magnify his office," says Lord Bacon. Evidently the dressmakers believe in dress, evidently the fashionable little dogs of Paris have been dressing with an elegant simplicity that baffles ostentatious parvenus. Apparently their consummate furnisher produces garments whose purity of line disdains complications of mere expense. But, but—there is a but. There is a tendency. Tens! You will scarcely see a little dog under five years with its ears pierced. Why? Because five years ago the parvenu little dogs of vulgar climbers all began to wear expensive earrings. Such is the aristocratic distinction everywhere. As for bracelets of plain, dull gold, they are worn only by black poodles; themselves old fashioned.

For example, the Duchesse de Noailles' Pomeranian Lou-lou last winter promenade the Place des Etats-Unis in pearl gray winter coats with just a line of mauve soutache whose distinction could not be misinterpreted by the grossest parvenus in gold galon and spangled embroideries. The beautiful Mme. Letellier's Japanese, who sleep in pink silk wadded with eider and eat from Sevres ware platters specially designed for them, still wear their governess on misty afternoons in dark gray little waterproofs whose chaste severity is not mistaken by the roughest street dog.

The innate taste of Paris street dogs is unerring. Poverty stricken as they may be, long familiarity with the pageant



The pretentious pups of a Mogul prince who sported their cloth of gold buttoned with turquoise in the Place des Etats-Unis.

of luxury makes them as respectful toward the refinement as they are ironically familiar with ignorant ostentation. The pretentious greyhounds of a Mogul prince had not sported their cloth of gold jackets buttoned with turquoise in the Place des Etats-Unis five minutes before the street dogs had gayly hustled them into the mud of the gutter.

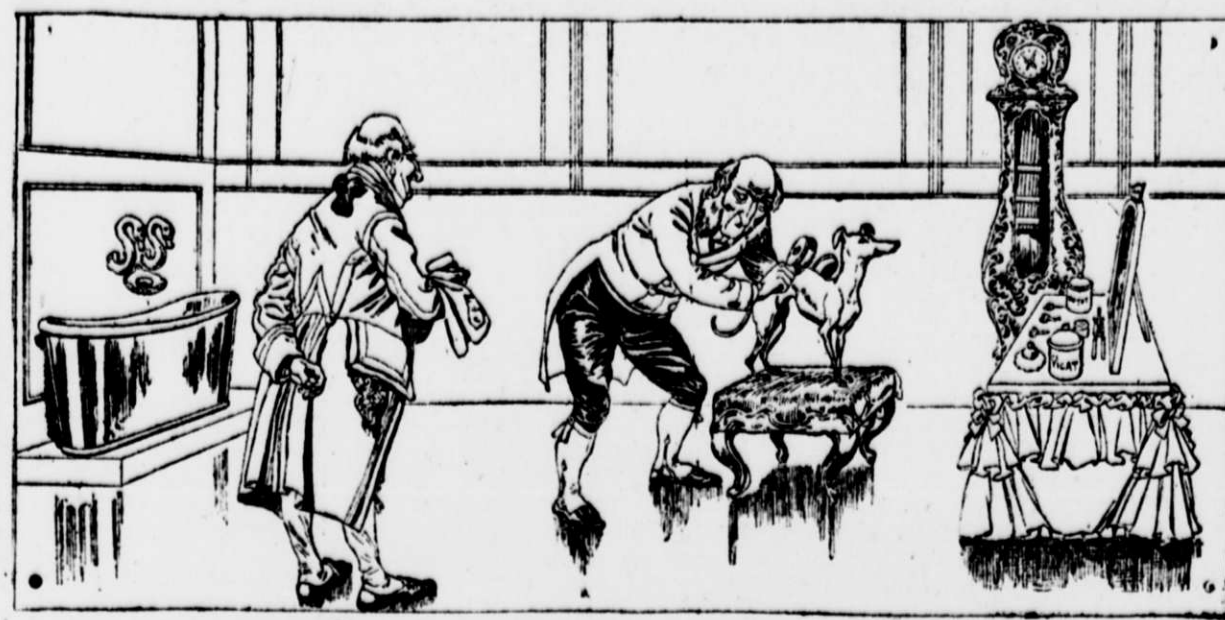
Here is another example which illustrates my prevision: A few years ago,

of scouts in charge of Lieut. Crawford after Munding. This party came upon him in the ranchera of a Spaniard named Sinakapan, near his house. Munding and six of the gang attacked the squad, wounding one scout as well as the Yakan who was along to guide. Lieut. Crawford had a narrow escape; his canteen having been shot through and the bullet missing him by an inch. Munding and his men got away in the melee.

When news of this reached Major McKinley he put in the field a party of thirty scouts in charge of first Lieut. Cody and requested Lieut. Charles Woodruff, commanding the Pampanga, a United States gunboat on duty patrolling the southern waters, to assist him in running down Munding. In compliance with this request Lieut. Woodruff sent his landing party of twenty-two men ashore in charge of Ensign Charles E. Hovey to accompany the scouts in their pursuit of the bandit, who had in the meantime retreated to the inland hills, and was, it was reported, collecting a band to oppose his arrest.

Hovey and Cody got to work immediately and each day took out patrols to search the neighboring rancheras for Munding, meanwhile rounding up and disarming any bad men whom they might meet. But they never came across the man for whom they were searching, although constant reports were heard of him and he was known to be in the neighborhood of the searching party. One night he attacked the pack train of the Moros, and killed everybody in the camp, excepting the bandit and his followers.

The next day Hovey and Cody determined to pursue him to his lair in the mountain of Tablas, the scouts to go one way and the landing force from the Pampanga to make a detour and cover the trail from the rear of the mountain. These parties took the field on Sunday morning, September 17, Ensign Hovey's party consisting of a native interpreter, a scout corporal and eight bluejackets, and Lieut. Cody taking with him eight of his scouts.

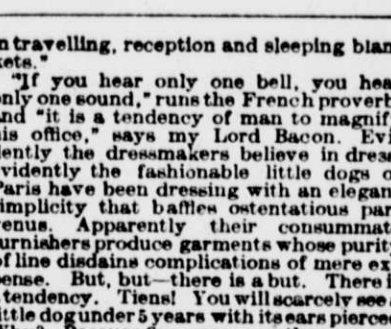


Shoes are gone out; they break the lovely nails of Dearest.

brand have as many calling and reception costumes as their mistresses," said Mlle. Emilie. "It is perfectly simple. Whenever a new gown or tailor suit is made the lady has a piece of the material, embroidery, soutache, galon, buttons and other trimmings sent to us for the dog's costume. The Belgian griffons of the Princess Baratinski and Mme. Maurice Ephrussi spend almost as much time trying on as ordinary ladies of society. When we keep distant customers supplied with up to date modes, like the Princess Helen of Serbia and the Austrian Archdukes, alterations must be made on the spot by myself or my sister. We take turns in doing these long trips. At the same time we furnish them with the latest novelties



when dog receptions were still in vogue, all Paris smiled over the disfigurement of a naughty Japanese from Berlin. It was at a function of the Princesse de Broglie's Bordeaux toy bulls, burly little bachelors whose entertainments had a discreetly rolling flavor. A fierce rivalry was known to have sprung up between the Berlin Jap and a high bred tiny toy bull of the Vicomtesse de C—, and the smartest little dogs of Paris intrigued for invitations to see how the two rivals would dress. The pampered Prussian pet appeared in a velvet heavily outouched with gold, buttoned with opals and embroidered in seed pearls, with the arms of a mediaeval royal house. She wore a collar of tiny rosebuds in enamel entwined with gold galon in which small opals sparkled most expensively. Nothing could be more rich and brilliant, every little dog admitted. Yet there was a sense of uneasiness, and judgment was reserved. Dring, dring, dring, rang. There was a yap; in the hallway a slight bustle of preparation, and in came the little Parisienne carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco, but behind her ears, a pair of relation pup loaded down with all the



finery that a little dog of bad taste can wear and a little dog of good taste disdain! Of course fashion takes time for its evolution. Do not imagine that little dogs of good taste have entirely given up jewelry. You will see elegances in rococo and white leather collars stitched with gold that have pendants of emerald hearts, enamel strawberries and turquoise balls falling all round from the gold thread.

"The elegant little dog is particular about his (or her) collar," laughed Mlle. Yvonne. "Take this chain of light wire with a ribbon passed through it. Only certain fluffy haired dogs can wear it. It would look ridiculous on a terrier. Yet there are terriers who will sport it even in the open air. Certainly nobility effects are not altogether avoided by the best dressed terriers, but in general all that is ribbon is for the apartment, the house, the parlor; while all that is leather is for the street or the park."

I began to learn the shades of fashionable taste. Long haired dogs affect rolled leather collars. Short haired dogs look best in flat leather collars. No matter what lends itself to the expense permitted by good taste. Semi-precious stones that dangle from them on gold threads ought to be cut in fanciful shapes to detract from the ostentatious effect of a mere jewel. All this is a matter of delicate shades of culture, but not easily acquired by common little dogs.

Useful harness, which prevents the pet's head from pulling the brush of his head off in hygienic morning walks, are of the finest Turkey morocco of all shades decorated with long rows of gold headed nails. Even the gentle governess of the Pomeranian Lou-lou is not without her little harness; and some pull so hard that they would choke themselves were the leash attached to a collar.

The showrooms were full of luxurious twenty cuts in his body. His skull was cut right through to the brain, his right forearm was almost severed, both bones being cut through; his left arm also was nearly off at the shoulder, and besides these wounds he had three bullets in him. Maguire, who was also badly cut up, but who had recovered, actually got hold of Hovey to the waist of the figure and tried to drag him away while the Yakans were backing at him. Hovey told him to let him alone and "get busy with his gun."

These were the last words Hovey ever spoke. The native interpreter and the bluejacket who accompanied Hovey went down at the first attack. The scout soldier also went down with a bullet in his left elbow and knife cuts in his body. But sticking the stump of his wounded arm in the ground as a support, he used his rifle with deadly effect until there was nothing more to fire at.

Lieut. Cody meantime, who was approaching the rendezvous with his party, had heard the firing and advanced on the double quick. But when he arrived the trouble was all over, those of the Yakans remaining unharmed having fled. He took charge of Hovey's detachment or rather what was left of it, and although he had been since 8 o'clock that morning he nevertheless got together a bunch of corgadores and hiked with Hovey's remains and the wounded clear to headquarters at Senegal, about fifteen miles distant, arriving there at 5:30 the next afternoon.

When news of Ensign Hovey's death was received aboard the Pampanga both officers and men went nearly frantic. Hovey was most popular both forward and aft and every one from the skipper down felt his loss keenly. Lieut. Woodruff immediately got up anchor and went to Zamboanga, where the gunboat Queros was anchored. The next morning at daylight a united landing party from the Pampanga and the Queros, among whom was the narrator, was made up to leave for Senegal to relieve the encampment there. They had to wait a day for guides and the men went nearly crazy while waiting. All had visions of the camp being attacked by the Yakans, and their shipmates being cut down in cold blood while they were stand-

ing by doing nothing. The next morning, however, they hit the trail and hiked all that day through a broiling sun to the camping place of what remained of poor Hovey's landing party. It would have been difficult to have seen a happier collection of mortals than the Pampanga's men, when they saw the relief party hiked down the trail. The next day the Pampanga's men went in and the landing party was joined by a detachment of twenty men in charge of Lieut. Torrey of the Infantry.

This party then took up the work that had been interrupted by the death of Hovey. Patrols composed of a mixed force of scouts, bluejackets and regulars were sent out and they worked without a hitch. They passed nothing that strategic significance was borne. But before the party could find traces of Munding or his gang he was killed by one Sinakapan, a Panglima, which tribe is supposedly friendly to the United States and which was assisting in his capture. Sinakapan is a crack shot, got Munding while the latter was eating his breakfast. Munding was squatting on the ground in true Filipino style when Sinakapan came upon him and let go his spear. It struck him in the jawbone, penetrating the arteries in his neck. Munding was game and made a rush at Sinakapan, but one of Sinakapan's men struck out a spear, which passed through Munding's body, killing him instantly.

The death of their leader broke up the incoherence. The natives began returning to their homes and within a week after Ensign Hovey was killed quiet was restored and the landing party dispersed to their various stations.



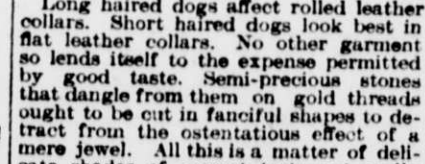
"Oh, no," she said, "the little whip is to chase away the other little dogs."

are always matched," concluded Mlle. Emilie, as I took my departure. "Rolled or plaited leather leashes are in favor, but the harness is always flat. When the leash is a gold chain the collar must be of gold Turkey morocco."

"And the little whip must match the harness and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes, the little whip of plaited leather."

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

The bell rang; there was a yap and bustle in the hallway. In came the little Parisienne, carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco.



leash and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

The bell rang; there was a yap and bustle in the hallway. In came the little Parisienne, carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco.

leash and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes, the little whip of plaited leather."

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

The bell rang; there was a yap and bustle in the hallway. In came the little Parisienne, carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco.

leash and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes, the little whip of plaited leather."

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

The bell rang; there was a yap and bustle in the hallway. In came the little Parisienne, carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco.

leash and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes, the little whip of plaited leather."

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

The bell rang; there was a yap and bustle in the hallway. In came the little Parisienne, carried on her cushion. She wore simply her little lifting harness of pale pink Morocco.

leash and collar," added Mlle. Yvonne. "What a whip!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes, the little whip of plaited leather."

"To strike Pet or Poodle," she replied. "Oh, no, it is to chase away the other dogs," replied the fashionable furnisher with unctious.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS

Pianos and Rheumatism

It isn't unreasonable to say that some pianos are rheumatic. But we never knew it to be wise to purchase that kind.

However, pianos, like human beings, are sensitive to their surroundings. They feel cold and heat, dampness and dryness, kindness and unkindness, care and neglect.

Some are frail and sickly, and become stiff and rheumatic when the weather doesn't suit them.

Others, by their very nature, are always strong and healthy—can withstand disease and the ravages of time—their whole framework and build indicate long life and usefulness.

Like the sane and healthy brain of a perfect man or woman, they are capable, on all occasions, of expressing the deepest sorrow or the most exalted joy.

The very nature and construction of

Sterling Pianos

make for lasting enjoyment and greatest usefulness—there's not a string that doesn't pulsate with healthful energy—not a note that doesn't attune itself to the joy or sorrow of the person who loves music.

Born and brought up in New England—rugged honesty has entered into every part of their construction—and for this very reason, while they have the poet's heart and musician's soul, they have the re-

liability and endurance of the strong man who comes from the north.

Every Sterling Piano is absolutely dependable.

Then the prices, the same to all, are moderate, with terms that really put them within the reach of any family wanting a reputable piano. Our new catalogue of Sterling Pianos is ready—let us have your address and we will send you a copy.

The Last Week of Our Annual February Sale of Exchanged Pianos

This sale is an annual clearing out of pianos that have been taken in exchange as part payment on the purchase of a Sterling Piano or Playerpiano. These pianos are not offered with any idea of making a profit on them—in fact, all

we want is what they have cost us.

Our workshop, in a conscientious way, has put them in perfect order, and we guarantee them—indeed give you the privilege of exchanging any time within a year you are dissatisfied—There are

Some Pianos as Low as \$95

and creditable pianos too.

Music in the home to-day is not only a necessity, but an economy—and yet you may not be ready to invest in one of our new Pianos or Player-

pianos—let us pave the way for your future happiness—you will meet some agreeable surprises among these slightly used instruments—as for terms, you may almost make your own.

Open Evenings by Appointment.

The Sterling Piano Co.

Manufacturers

Sterling Building

518-520 Fulton St., Corner Hanover Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.



DR. L. J. HOYT, DENTIST, 455 Fulton St., near Jay Smith St., Bklyn. DO NOT MISTAKE THE NUMBER. Beautiful Artificial Teeth \$5.00, \$10.00 a Set. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. Teeth Filled \$1.00 and up. All Work Warranted. Telephone 6573 Main.

number who served in 1907 was more than 29,000. An additional cost of \$415,000 in jury fees. Another large sum must be added for general administration expenses, while it is impossible to estimate the inconvenience and pecuniary loss to the business men who serve. Six millions annually is the expense to the New York city taxpayers alone in maintaining their judicial system, of which 60 per cent is charged to negligence or accident cases; but not one cent of this large sum is of any direct aid or compensation to the victim of the accident.

WHITE SHOES HERE TO STAY, But to Manufacture Them Unspoiled is a Good Big Problem.

White shoes for ladies, misses and children have come to stay. They are made of white buck side leather, white duck and other fabrics in high grade welts, turns and McKays, says the *Hide and Leather Magazine*. One of the greatest problems in the manufacture of white shoes is to find some way to get the work through the factory without being damaged by stains or dirt. Some manufacturers use a covering of paper, while others use cloth covering. In the use of cloth coverings, by carefully taking them off they can be used several times, whereas the paper cover is used only once and thrown away. Some manufacturers are painting the racks, tables and benches all white and do not use any covering at all, while other shops have their workmen use white canvas gloves and plenty of French chalk on them when handling white work.

Taking into consideration the fact that it is only the tops or uppers that are soiled in the work, which is done by the workman's hands, the idea of the canvas gloves well chalked seems to be a good one. It is almost impossible for the workman to keep his hands clean running the various machines, which are bound to be oily and dirty, and the operator would waste much time if he stopped to wash his hands each time after using the machine. If white gloves were used and the shoes set on the sole each time instead of being laid on the side or upper it would seem to be the most economical way of handling white goods through the shop.

It is true that white buck can be washed and cleaned, but this takes time, and labor costs money, and if the dirt can be kept off it will save cleaning. Tan goods must be handled with care, but there are lots of stains that do not show in colored goods that would show in whites. A

Pianos FINAL WEEK OF THE BIG FEBRUARY MARK-DOWN SALE!

BARGAIN SNAPS FOR SHREWD BUYERS

\$95 J. M. Travels \$4	Monthly
125 Woser Bros. 4	Monthly
135 E. Babler 4	Monthly
160 Hardman 6	Monthly
160 Kruger & Son 6	Monthly
165 Storling 6	Monthly
170 Everett & Co. 6	Monthly
175 J. & C. Fischer 6	Monthly
180 Schlemmer 6	Monthly
180 Schlemmer & Co. 6	Monthly
200 Hazeltine Bros. 6	Monthly
250 Stainway & Son 7	Monthly

3 MONTHLY RENTALS A PIANO GOETZ & G

One Block from Borough Hall Subways East Over 50 Years. OPEN EVENINGS 6:00 to 10:00

SKIN BEAUTY

Beauty is only skin deep, said a busy society woman yesterday, but my dear, it's the skin that shows. And how do you ever manage to keep your skin looking so well? It's a simple secret, said her pretty friend. I found out that creams were clogging the pores of my face. I heard of Dilo's Facial Refractor, which is the greatest facial tonic for rejuvenating the complexion. As a special for wrinkles, sagging muscles, large pores, sunburn and blackheads it is the only preparation which restores the natural contour of the face. You can see this wonderful transformation yourself in fifteen minutes. Sold at all great dealers and Beauty Parlors, price \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Dilo's Beauty Parlor, 122 Fulton St., corner Elm place, Brooklyn. Demonstration free.

large manufacturer of ladies' fine goods said there would be three dress shoes for women, in white, tan and patent leather.

THE MORO RISING IN JOLO ISLAND

Affair in Which Ensign Hovey and Two Bluejackets Were Killed.

DESPERATE YAKAN BANDITS

A Little Insurrection in the Philippines Promptly Put Down—Fate of the Leader.

From THE SUN's special correspondent. SHANGHAI, Jan. 23.—The wars in Tripoli and in China have overshadowed in importance in the public prints the fact that during the last few months the United States has been having a small insurrection of its own in the Philippine Islands, in which Ensign Charles E. Hovey of the navy and two bluejackets were killed. The *SUN* correspondent has just received an account of the affair in Jolo by one of the participants who desires to remain anonymous. It is a graphic account of the skirmish in which Ensign Hovey lost his life, as well as an excellent description of existing conditions in the island of Jolo and among the Moro inhabitants.

About September 10 last year, the narrator says, a Yakan-Moro chief named Munding killed near Senegal in the southern Philippine Islands a native Government sheriff named Lambir who had waylaid Munding's house to arrest him for stealing a carabao. Munding was a "bad man," a thief by profession and a prominent figure in that part of Basilan. Upon learning of Lambir's death the district Governor, Major T. M. McKinley of the army, sent a squad